

...THE...
CONVERTED CATHOLIC

EDITED BY REV. JAMES A. O'CONNOR.

"When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren."—Luke xxii: 32.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

IN the first editorial of Volume XV of THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC, January, 1898, the following sentence appeared:

"The Editor has been passing through deep waters, but the morning light is breaking, the darkness disappears, and this work of faith and labor of love is resumed with a heart made strong in the Lord by His chastening love. 'I besought the Lord,' said Paul, 'and He said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee; for My strength is made perfect in weakness.'" (2 Cor. xii, 9.)

At the beginning of this year, in this, the first number of Volume XXII, in the presence of another and a greater bereavement, a further sentence from the editorial of 1898 can be appropriately quoted:

"With faith in God stronger than ever, with a purified heart and with earnestness and consecrated zeal, we hope to make the Magazine more useful and helpful than it ever has been."

Its readers have all along kindly said that it has been helpful to them in the development of the Christian life, and in growth in grace, and in the knowledge of God. "Wherefore I will not be negligent to put you always in remembrance of these things,

though ye know them and be established in the present truth." (2 Pet. i, 12.)

Christ's Mission, like this Magazine, has been largely the personal work of its founder, but the institution and the periodical are now of age, full grown and established, and able to do good work for God and humanity if adequately sustained.

The Mission has entered upon the twenty-sixth year of its usefulness, and the Magazine, its readers say, grows better each month as it begins its twenty-second year. Thus, with the divine guidance which has accompanied the work all along, there is every reason to believe that both the Mission and the Magazine shall continue for many years as heretofore in this good work.

The natural strength of the founder and editor is not abated—indeed, his friends say he is more robust physically than for many years past, and his grip upon the work has not relaxed. Faith in God in the hearts of the workers is stronger than ever, and it is well founded, for He has comforted them in these sore trials, as He has comforted others who have placed their trust in Him. Blessed be the name of the Lord!

"In the Beginning, God."

This is an excellent motto with which to begin the New Year, and not only the New Year, but each and every day of the year after it has ceased to be "new." By doing this and putting God and His law and His wishes in their rightful place in our lives, we can overcome one-half of our troubles, and find in Him the solace and the antidote of the other half. God really knows what is best for us far better than we do; and if we would always find out His will for us before taking any important action—and do it, when we have found it out—life would not only be "better," but much happier.

Seek the Lord While He May Be Found.

If we confide in God at the beginning of each day we have a right to expect Him at the end. Many who accept the teaching that emphasizes the love of God at the expense of other attributes of equal importance, presume on His mercy during life apparently in the expectation that a hasty repentance and a few prayers at the end will suffice to preserve them from the just rewards of a lifetime of rebellion against Him and His laws. The number of cases in which this expectation is realized is only large enough to set forth the exceptions that prove the rule. In general terms the law holds good that God is not mocked, and that whatsoever a man sows, that shall he reap. "He that soweth to the flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the spirit shall of the spirit reap life everlasting." All should know at the beginning of a New Year that "Who-soever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."

The Promises of God.

We must draw near to God through His dear Son, Jesus Christ, who is the only Mediator between Him and the members of our sinful, fallen race. Through His death, who died the just for the unjust, we have access by faith to Almighty God, and through His merits we can boldly appear before the Father, and at His throne ever find grace to help in every time of need.

If we make God the beginning of every day's work and life, He will abide with us through all the year; and for the strengthening of our hearts and the encouragement of our souls He has given us large and precious promises in great number.

A Promise of Universal Application.

Of course different individuals will have diverse opinions as to the value of certain promises based upon their own personal experiences. But there is one great promise made by our Lord and Saviour, that could only be uttered by one who spoke as never man spake, and by one who knew that He was the Son of God, possessing powers beyond those of any mere human being. And that promise is contained in the most glorious invitation ever extended to the human race: "Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." While many persons usually consider that these words were addressed primarily to sinners, yet they are also addressed to those who love God, and the Saviour can and will give "rest" to any seeking soul in sorrow, trial, perplexity, temptation, or difficulties and harassments of any and every conceivable kind. Let this promise be fulfilled in and for each one of us every day of 1905.

MISS CALDWELL'S CONVERSION.

The interest aroused by the conversion of the Marquise des Monstiers (Miss Mary G. Caldwell) from Roman Catholicism to Protestantism has not been confined to religious circles. The American people of all forms of belief have been pleased that a member of one of the old Kentucky families, the Breckinridges, should assert her independence in thought and action and repudiate the yoke of Rome when she found that it was not Christian or American.

In her public letter, which was dated at Rome and appeared in *THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC* for December, 1904, she said:

"Yes, it is true that I have left the Roman Catholic Church. Since I have been living in Europe my eyes have been opened to what that Church really is, and to its anything but sanctity.

"But the trouble goes much further back than this. Being naturally religious my imagination was early caught by the idea of doing something to lift the Church from the lowly position which it occupied in America, so I thought of a university or higher school where its clergy could be educated, and, if possible, refined.

"Of course in this I was greatly influenced by Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, who represented it to me as one of the greatest works of the day. When I was twenty-one I turned over to them one-third of my fortune for that purpose.

"But for years I have been trying to rid myself of the subtle yet overwhelming influence of a Church which pretends not only to the privilege of being 'the only true Church,' but of being alone able to open the gates of Heaven to a sorrowful, sinful world.

"At last my honest Protestant blood has asserted itself, and I now forever repudiate and cast off the yoke of Rome."

Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ireland, Bishop Spalding—who is a relative of Miss Caldwell's—and the other trustees of the Catholic University, were assembled in Washington at their annual meeting on the day this letter of repudiation of the "yoke of Rome" by the founder of the university was published. That it was a bombshell thrown into the Papal ranks, and that it caused consternation in the Roman Catholic world can be well understood when it is explained that there would have been no Catholic University in Washington but for Miss Caldwell's contribution of \$300,000. It is true her sister, who was also possessed of a large fortune, and had married a German nobleman, a member of the Lutheran Church, had also renounced the Roman Catholic faith, but as she had done so without publicity, and her gift to the university was only \$50,000, the hierarchy did not experience a shock like that which the Marquise des Monstiers had given them. The best building in the university was named after Miss Caldwell, and her picture was the finest painting in the institution.

The loss of nearly a million dollars of the funds of the university by the defalcation of the treasurer through unwise speculation in real estate, a few months previously, was not as great a blow to the prestige of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States as the conversion of Miss Caldwell.

LEGAL ASPECTS OF THE CASE.

Last month a Washington paper said it was probable Miss Caldwell would bring suit to recover the contribution of \$300,000 which she gave to the Catholic University, if the offi-

cials of that institution should erase her name from the Divinity School, which is now known as Caldwell Hall.

We wrote to a prominent lawyer in Washington in reference to this subject, and received the following reply:

Washington, D. C., Dec. 12, 1904.

My dear Dr. O'Connor: We have been discussing the legal point involved in Miss Caldwell's conversion and the contemplated effort to recover the money given to the Catholic University, and I have the pleasure of informing you of the opinion we have come to, upon broad principles of law, and without making any thorough research of the authorities, at the same time that I thank you for the information you have kindly given me upon the subject.

In order to bring a successful suit for the money donated by Miss Caldwell, there would have to be proven a contract, as, if Miss Caldwell donated the money, and the Catholic University authorities named the building after her simply out of gratitude, her gift could not be construed to have been a conditional one, the consideration for which has failed—the only ground on which a recovery could be made. Of course, if this contract exist, the naming of the building after her, and the subsequent change of the name would be a substantial failure of consideration for the money (one of the vital requisites of a contract, though not of a gift *inter vivos*), as the perpetuation of the name of the donor constitutes the only value of a memorial building. Then, in addition to the existence of a contract, another requisite is that it should have been put in writing, as, under the Statute of Frauds, is required in all contracts

relating to real estate, to which class of property a building belongs. If there be a contract in writing, then beyond doubt Miss Caldwell could recover, or else force the university to retain her name for the appellation of the building.

The possible defense that might be raised, that the university was not bound to perpetuate the name of an "unsuitable person" after she had become such would not avail. Even if Miss Caldwell had become the most unsuitable person in existence, had she become an abandoned woman, this fact would not alter the case in the slightest as long as the \$300,000 was retained in the coffers of the Church. If a valid contract exist, the university will undoubtedly be compelled either to leave the name stand or refund the money; but, as before stated, a contract in writing, in my opinion, will have to be shown. I know nothing of the circumstances surrounding the transaction and, therefore, know not whether such was made or not.

The university is certainly in an awkward position, and either horn of the dilemma it chooses, it seems to me, must be equally (no; not equally, as I do not believe any of the mutations of this mundane sphere are quite so painful to Mother Church as the yielding up of the *earthly* treasure she has accumulated) embarrassing to her. To give back the money—perish the thought!—and to retain the name, would be an imperishable thorn in the side, while to change the name and keep the money puts Rome in a light that she is anxious to keep out of.

Wishing you every success in your grand and much needed and, let me add, much neglected Protestant American Christian work, I am,

Yours sincerely, I. H. L.



CHRIST'S MISSION,

No. 142 West Twenty-first Street, New York.

A Religious and Missionary Society, incorporated according to the laws of the State of New York.

The Trustees, who hold the property, are members of various Evangelical Churches in New York City,

whose names are as follows:

Mr. James B. Gillie.

Mr. William Campbell.

Rev. Albert B. King.

Rev. John Bancroft Devins, D.D.

Rev. James A. O'Connor.

CHRIST'S MISSION WORK—TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY 1879-1904.

THE Sunday services in Christ's Mission this season took the form of exercises commemorative of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the commencement of the work in this city, the addresses being given by prominent pastors of various denominations, commencing last month, December 4. As these meetings are held in the afternoon, many friends of the Mission who have moved up-town can attend them, and as the speakers are among the most famous in the city, it is a privilege to hear them in connection with the work of the Mission.

At the service on December 4, the Rev. James A. O'Connor, in presenting Mr. James B. Gillie, the President of the Board of Trustees of Christ's Mission to the congregation, said:

When, some years ago, the Lord called home to himself the first President of the Board of Trustees of Christ's Mission, Mr. John Curry, we had not far to look for a successor, if we could induce him to accept the position. Mr. Gillie was Mr. Curry's partner in business, his junior by many years, and of course not as active in Christian work. And when I asked him to take Mr. Curry's place, among the things I said to him was that we would not take up much of his time or trouble him with solicitations for money, as that was not our way of carrying on this work. We wanted reliable Christian men to be trustees of the Mission, so that the work should be continued in the spirit in which it was founded. Mr. Gillie accepted the position, and I thank God not only for his co-opera-

tion in all that was best for the Mission, but for his unfailing courtesy and personal kindness. So it is with great pleasure that I introduce to the congregation my friend and brother, Mr. James B. Gillie, the President of the Board of Trustees, to be the chairman at the first of these Anniversary meetings.

Address by Mr. James B. Gillie, Chairman of the Board of Trustees.

My Dear Friends:

This is not the first time that the Pastor of Christ's Mission, our good brother, has introduced me to an audience, assembled in this Chapel, and I must say that I am here in a spirit of thankfulness to God for granting me the privilege of succeeding to the Presidency of this Board, the position once held by my esteemed partner, who nearly ten years ago went to his reward. On the occasion that Brother O'Connor asked me to succeed him, I had never thought of such a position, but I felt then, that coming as it did come, the message was from God asking me to assist in the work from which my old partner had been called; and I must say that, while it has been my privilege to have known Brother O'Connor for nearly twenty years, he has told the truth—he has not troubled me very much. There have been times, of course, when he has called my attention to this question and that question, and I have advised with him to the best of my ability, but I must say, in all sincerity, that this work, as the brother said a moment ago, is a peculiar work—a work that

few can advise in—a work in which the instruction and advice must come from the Divine authority; and I am satisfied, from what I know of the work, that Brother O'Connor has been led all these twenty-five years by that Power, and no other advice could have brought the harvest it has brought. I know that in the past twenty-five years nearly one hundred Roman Catholic priests have left the Church that they loved—because I must admit they did love their Church, and Brother O'Connor loved that Church when he left it; no coward will leave an institution of that character—it takes a man to take a manly stand and leave the Church of his mother. And, with all the ties of a lifetime severed, these men have gone out into the world; and who can tell you of the far-reaching influence of those men in many lands?

I might tell you incident after incident of what I know those men have done, but I could not tell you of all the seed they have sown. I know that to-day our heavenly Father is caring for and watering that seed. But oft-times, when I am alone and thinking of this work, knowing that Brother O'Connor's hairs are white with the storms of many winters, and also feeling that I am no longer a young man, the question comes to me, Who will take up the work he is carrying on? I must say this thought has troubled me, and I know it troubles "Father" O'Connor (I sometimes call him this, but I know he would rather be called "Brother" O'Connor); but in that true character, the character of faith, he has said, "The good Lord who has watched over and fathered this work, will watch over its future, and take care

of the Mission He has blessed for so many years."

Dear friends, as the Chairman of the Board of Trustees, I am pleased to be with you, pleased that there is here another, probably as well known as any other American citizen in the United States—a man who does not need to be presented to any Christian audience in the world. While he may not have been seen in every land, I am sincere in the belief that the whole world knows Dr. MacArthur, whom I am privileged to present at this moment.

Rev. Dr. MacArthur's Sermon.

Mr. Chairman, Brother O'Connor, and good Christian Friends:

I appreciate the kind words which the Chairman has just spoken, but I fear that, in the goodness of his heart, he has spoken words which I can scarcely hope to make good in my life and work.

So far as my interest in this place is concerned, it would not be easy to use words too strong to express that interest. I felicitate myself that by the courtesy of our esteemed Brother O'Connor, and in the good providence of God, I have the opportunity of being present this afternoon. I regard this as an occasion of very much more than ordinary interest—it closes a period of twenty-five years of earnest, wise and consecrated work for the glory of God and for the good of men. The completion of twenty-five years of service by Mr. O'Connor in this work is an occasion of profound interest to Christian workers in New York, in America, and in lands beyond the sea. Mr. O'Connor has performed a delicate and difficult work with heroic courage, rare pa-

tience, whole-hearted consecration, and with manifest tokens of God's approval. I am quite sure also that this occasion emphasizes the beginning of another era of work that will be equally as wise, equally as earnest, and equally as consecrated to the glory of God and to the good of men.

This work possesses characteristics worthy of great emphasis on this occasion. Some of those characteristics permit me now to name, emphasize and approve. One of its most commendable qualities is the virtue of patience that has been characteristic of our Brother O'Connor and of those who have been associated with him. We all know that patience is one of the noblest of Christian virtues. It has a high place among those virtues as they are enumerated by various inspired writers. We know also that, as Mr. Beecher has said, "Patience is but lying-to, and riding out the gale;" and we know that another (Buffon) has defined patience to be genius. We all know that patience is power of a well-nigh resistless sort. It preserves the soul in profound peace, and inspires it to noble endeavor. Surely it has been exemplified to a marked degree in this work. Few men have had more trials of patience than have come to Mr. O'Connor; and few men have shown more heroism in bearing trials and winning victories than he has. His work illustrates the Italian proverb which affirms that the world is his who has patience. Mr. O'Connor has won the esteem, confidence and affection of his brother ministers all over—both North and South—America and in many parts of Europe. We are here to-day to give him our open hand, our fraternal word, and our

heartfelt love, sympathy and co-operation. I know that our brother has had times when heart and hope well-nigh failed. Had he been depending upon human strength and guided only by human wisdom, he might have lost heart and given up hope, but God was with him, and he has realized this truth all these twenty-five years; and also that "if God be for us," no one "can (really) be against us."

Another characteristic of this work has been its gentleness of spirit, associated with fearlessness of devotion to the truth. I attach great importance to this quality in human life. There are times when meekness is mightiness, when patience is power, and when gentleness is greatness. He has avoided bitterness of denunciation toward his former co-religionists. The temptation to scathing criticism, mordant denunciation, and caustic sarcasm must have been often well-nigh irresistible. He has been opposed by his former co-religionists with the utmost severity of denunciation. Some of us who have spoken words of appreciation of his work have shared with him in this bitter hostility; but, notwithstanding all the unfair criticism which he has received, he has retained his sweetness of spirit, his humaneness of endeavor, and his Christliness of aim and method. These times have come and have gone in the history of this work. A gentle man is a man well born, is a man of high and noble birth, as our English word "gentleman" means. I think there is a sense in which the word has even a fuller meaning, as applied to a Christian man. A gentleman for Christ is a man born of God, a man born from above. Gentleness is indicative of that heavenly and that di-

vine birth. It is, therefore, a name of high honor and of divine origin. Our brother has shown that quality in a very marked degree. He has had the gentleness of the lamb combined with the courage of the lion. He has wielded at times a sledge-hammer and has struck tremendously heavy blows. He has been a Luther in his power to strike terrific blows; but in doing so he has retained his gentleness of spirit, his humaneness of endeavor and his Christliness of aim and method. I know of no man who has been able to thrust so long, sharp and strong a lance between the joints of the Papal harness, and so to pierce the very heart of some ancient superstition, some odious error, or some deadly doctrine, as James A. O'Connor. He has known how to pierce the wrong, while he has advocated and championed the right. He has constantly striven to announce what he believes to be good and true, rather than simply to denounce what he believes to be bad and false. Now therein lies an important principle, a very important principle. It is easy to denounce wrong; it is not always so easy to announce right. The best way to preach down error is to preach up truth. Then error falls by its own inherent weakness; then truth stands by its own noble and divine strength. He believes that, as Shakespeare has said, "truth is truth to the end of the reckoning." Our brother has learned that truth taught us by Milton, "Let Truth and Falsehood grapple; whoever knew Truth put to the worst in free and open encounter?" Brother O'Connor believes that truth when liberated, when given fair play, will sublimely take care of itself; and he has, there-

fore, been willing to trust in Truth, and has striven to liberate the Truth of God from the errors of Rome. This is an important discovery that he has made, and this is a wise and beautiful method that he has adopted. It is a wonderful thing to discover the truth and to give the truth a chance to make itself known.

Some time ago I was in the city of Constantinople. It was a time of great excitement in that city. The Armenian massacres had recently occurred. I saw the blood still in the gutters of some of the streets of Constantinople. All the Armenians were cowering behind their desks and their counters in the bazaars and in the market places. I approached some of them and engaged them in conversation. When they found that I was a friend and not a foe, that I was an American and not a Turk, that I was a Christian and not a Mohammedan, they became communicative and friendly, even fraternal. They gave me much information regarding the causes which had led to the outbreak. I went from the bazaar into the beautiful church, as it once was. You remember its story. You remember how that glorious church became in 1453 a Mohammedan mosque, when the Turks had captured Constantinople. Immediately after they had taken possession they covered with plaster all the symbols of Christianity in that cathedral. Among other things was a beautiful mosaic of the face of our Divine Lord. That mosaic was in the very top of the dome. For hundreds of years the plaster covered the face of the Christ. I read some time before I went to Constantinople that already the plaster had begun to fall and a part of the face of Christ

could now be seen through the broken and fallen plaster. I was very anxious to see this mosaic, and I asked my guide if he would direct me to the spot where I could best see it. He said, "Be very careful and don't attract attention. The Mohammedans are wild, and, if they saw you paying attention to the face of Christ, they might seize you and thrust you out of the mosque, and perhaps not hesitate to do you great bodily harm." I watched for a moment, then I turned my glass toward the dome, and, lo! through the broken plaster I could see the face of the Divine Christ at the very top of that dome. It was to me a sweet sight. It showed that Mohammedanism was losing its hold in certain respects and that the long hidden face of the Christ was coming out once more into view. As I look at the work of our dear brother, I find that it is not unlike what time has done in the mosque for the face of the Christ. I see that through long and weary centuries the simplicity of the Gospel of Christ has been lost—the face of Christ has been covered; and, instead of the face of Christ, we have the face of His mother; instead of the Divine Son, we have the human mother; instead of prayers to Christ, we have prayers to the Virgin; instead of the simple Gospel of the Son of God, believing which, men can be saved for time and eternity, we have rites and ceremonies of human device and application; but here, in the providence of God, a man has been raised up who has drawn aside the plaster, who has thrown off the coverings, and the face of Christ is once more coming out in all its sweetness and gentleness and glory as the face of the Divine Man,

son of Mary, Son of God and Saviour of men. I give my brother to-day in your presence, and in the name of our dear Master, my open hand. I offer him my warm heart, and I take his hand, and we step out together and bow at the feet of Jesus Christ as the only Lord and Saviour.

I recognize, too, our brother's wisdom in using the pen and the press, as well as the tongue and the lip in advancing this work. These are times when the press is mighty, almost beyond the power of human comprehension. We cannot afford to do without the press in religion, in politics, or in business. A sanctified press is one of the mightiest instrumentalities this side of God's Throne for the support of truth and for the overthrow of error. When the pierced hand of the Son of God is laid on the press of the world, the Eastern sky will be radiant with the crimson and gold of millennial dawn. Our brother and those associated with him have had sufficient sanctified common sense to use the press in this work.

The Magazine, entitled *THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC*, has had a potent influence in advancing the simple truth of the glorious Gospel of the blessed God. It is a Magazine which has been edited and circulated in the spirit of which I have already spoken—the spirit of fairness, gentleness and justice—and in enunciation of truth rather than in denunciation of error. These characteristics have marked the Magazine, I think, from the beginning; certainly, since the time that I have come to know it with some degree of intimacy. It is also characterized by clearness of reasoning, familiarity with the history and errors

of the Papacy, and also with the Bible as the antidote to these errors. Courtesy marks it at every point. Not Lord Chesterfield, but the divine Christ, is the master of etiquette; and the critic who catches His spirit, and who strikes heavy blows in His name, will not violate the courtesy inseparable from the true knight of the Cross. The Golden Rule is the finest formulation of gentlemanly conduct which has ever been given to the world. The Golden Rule ought to stand at the head of all books of etiquette as embodying and formulating the noblest principles of gentlemanly conduct ever permeating human society. The Golden Rule could stand at the head of every page of *THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC*. I have greatly admired our brother's method in the conduct of this Magazine. He has been a gentleman while he has delivered his sledge-hammer blows and has made his rapier thrusts into the heart of error. The influence of this admirable Magazine has been felt by tens of thousands on both sides of the sea.

I think his letters to various dignitaries in the Roman Catholic Church have shown clear thinking and the most logical reasoning and courteous manner that I have ever known. I'll venture to say that these letters have been read and re-read in many a secret conclave, and they have been most fully discussed. I am quite sure that we would discover that the discussions in many a secret gathering were largely modified by the articles in this Magazine, and that public utterances have been moderated by the same influence.

I had a fine illustration of how this Magazine is being read. I made a

statement in a Chicago paper, for which I was the New York correspondent for a long time, that was made to me by a priest connected with the Paulist Fathers. I think perhaps I might state to you the nature of the statement. I was spending a little time one evening with this gentleman. He said he often came into my church and was especially interested in the singing, and he asked me how it was possible for us to have the congregation sing so generally and so heartily. I told him we began in the Sunday School and that we came up step by step until the congregation became familiar with a wide range of hymns. He said to me that it is sad that in the Catholic Church there is no voice heard except at the altar. "If we could have our great congregations singing enthusiastically popular hymns!" he said. "We are robbed of power, because we are a people full of enthusiasm. Our congregations are always silent, and no voice is heard except at the altar. How ought we to proceed so as to have congregational singing?"

I told him to open the basement of the church once or twice a week, and have many popular hymns printed on slips, and then have a teacher of music come and give the people training." "Ah!" he said, "you don't understand it. Why! the people could not read the slips, if they were printed—at least, the great majority of them." I put this statement in the *Chicago Standard*, and Brother O'Connor printed the article in his Magazine. I saw that, whenever Brother O'Connor printed any of my statements, they struck, and I saw that these priests were careful students of the Magazine. In-

deed, they told me where they got their information—that they got it from *THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC*. A very extensive correspondence resulted, and they wanted me to tell the name of the man who said it. I could have done that wonderfully easily, but I thought that that would turn their artillery on him. Finally one of the men, who, I think, has since ended his course and received his crown—I hope, wrote me a letter, in which he threatened that he would charge me in the public press with falsehood, if I did not give the name of the man. I did not want to give him the name. I was willing to make oath before any court in the world of the absolute truth of his utterances. He said if I did not give the name of this priest, I must be guilty of falsehood. But, rather than have the priest subjected to the criticism, that I knew would come to him, I would not give the name. I wrote that I was so sure of my ground that, if he could take the risk of making me appear as a falsifier, the risk would be his. This argument passed over, but it showed me several things. It showed me, in the first place, that *THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC* was pretty well read in the vicinity of the Paulist Fathers' Church; it showed me that considerable importance was attached to the statements made in the Magazine. The chief charge to be made against this priest was that he told too much truth, and I told a wider audience the truth he had told me. I think that since then singing has been introduced. It is very possible that the suggestions I made to that priest had their influence in that good change.

Furthermore, I am pretty sure that if all the facts were known, it would

be seen that this Magazine has been instrumental in the conversion to Protestantism of many influential priests, and of the latest and most distinguished convert. This woman's conversion has staggered the whole Roman Catholic establishment. It has been a terrific blow, and, as our brother remarked (I think it will come out in the next number of the Magazine), her conversion took place in Rome itself. I have often said that if I was a Romanist in America, I would keep my people from going to Rome. Luther received light by going to Rome. He felt that if there was any place in the world that God should be honored, that place must be Rome; but, on the contrary, he found, as did others, that, if there is any place on earth where Satan is on tap, it is in Rome. This last conversion certainly is a most striking one. It came just at what the philosophers and publicists are coming to call the psychological moment—just at the right time. It was startling in the extreme. This lady's gift to the Catholic University and her other large benefactions toward the Roman Church gave her a high place in the esteem of Roman ecclesiastical officials, and made her a recipient of some of the highest honors which that Church could bestow. From Christ's Mission have gone out influences, whose potentiality in her conversion history may some day adequately declare. May God help her to stand true! May God help others, who like her have been under the heel of Roman tyranny, to find the way of escape! May God help them to withdraw their necks from the yoke of Rome!

This Magazine ought to be circu-

lated by hundreds of thousands of copies. It is a silent but powerful protest against error; it is an eloquent and puissant advocate for truth and for God. It beautifully blends true American patriotism with the teachings of pure and undefiled religion. It would be difficult to name a better use to which any American patriot and Biblical religionist could put tens of thousands of dollars than into the publication and ever-widening circulation of this able and excellent Magazine—THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC(S). I would like to leave it that way, CONVERTED CATHOLICS, because I believe it will come. It has permeated great masses of men and women. It is like the leaven that was put into the three measures of meal, and it quietly worked until the whole was leavened. I would that some brave American patriots and some consecrated men and women would put thousands and thousands of dollars into this work, so that it might multiply the number of this Magazine by many thousands. May God send it out as leaves for the healing of Roman Catholics and for the uplifting of the nations, by whatever name they are called!

One cannot but admire the name which our Brother O'Connor has given to the work—it is a beautiful name, "Christ's Mission." I never pass through this street but my heart is touched by that name. I never look on that name but I breathe a silent prayer for Brother O'Connor, his family and for those who are working with him for the honor of Christ. That name lifts this work above racial prejudices, medieval superstitions, religious bigotries and sectarian animosities. It is a sweet, wholesome,

patriotic, humanitarian, and thoroughly Christian work. It is a name which is music in the ears of men bound by the chain of traditionalism, and trodden upon by the heel of ecclesiastical tyranny. Only eternity will reveal how many of these men and women have found "Christ's Mission" to be light in darkness, joy in sorrow, and divine inspiration in apparently helpless despair. If only Mr. O'Connor had the means greatly to extend his noble work, he could correspondingly multiply the blessings which the Mission could impart to thousands of souls.

Our denominational feelings are sometimes strong, but I have often, however, reminded our friends that there are denominations in Romanism as truly as in Protestantism. It is a remarkable fact that one faction in the Roman Catholic Church have persecuted other factions in that same Church. Go into Japan, and you find as many sects, where Christianity has not been adopted, as here. We are not talking about voting out denominational lines, but we are talking about a work that lifts itself above all those lines, that stands high, clear of racial prejudice and of denominational animosity; and so to-day I honor Christ's Mission. I believe this man [pointing to Mr. O'Connor] honors Jesus Christ. I think Christ looks down upon the work being done here with complacency. I thank God for this name—Christ's Mission. It implies that Christ is here honored. It implies that Christ is here honored by presenting Him as the only Saviour. He alone can save—not Church rites, not baptism, not the Lord's Supper—Christ saves. We have put too much between the seek-

ing soul and the seeking Saviour. Baptism has its place, the Lord's Supper its place, but not between my soul and my Lord. None but Christ! Go to Him and find peace, and joy, and salvation. I think that that is the spirit of this place. I think that is the significance of this name—Christ's Mission. Sweet name! "Name that is above every name!"

I said in my sermon this morning that I was greatly touched with a story I had read in one of our papers. A poor Japanese was dying on the battlefield. There came along a corporal, who was wounded, but not so badly as the private, and the corporal administered to him. He said, "Don't mind me. I believe in Jesus Christ—He is my Saviour. How is it with you?" The corporal said, "I believe in Jesus Christ, too. He is my Saviour." There on the battlefield, amid the groaning of the wounded and the streaming of blood, there was a sweet fellowship of two souls in Jesus Christ. Just while they were talking, another ball came, and the wounded man (the first of whom I have spoken) was killed, and the corporal was carried away to the hospital. The nurse that attended to his case asked him, "Do you believe in Jesus Christ?" The corporal, with bright eyes, and trembling, said, "I love Jesus. He is my Saviour." Who cared on that battlefield for denomination? It was Jesus—first, last, always. Jesus! the name that inspires us, the name that uplifts us, the "name that is above every name," the name at whose mention "every knee shall bow and every tongue confess."

I like the name of the Mission on that account. I like Brother O'Connor's own name, significant of his

character. Some of us are rather proud of our names. I am proud of my own. Arthur means "a prince," Mac, "a son." O'Connor is just the same as Mac Connor (O and Mac both mean "son"). I sometimes look into the significance of names. Now O'Connor is a Celtic and Gaelic word, derived from *Conn*, meaning strength, vigor, bravery, heroism; and the latter part of the word is from a word meaning aid or help. The word really means "a leader of men," "a strengthener of men," "a manly man leading manly men and noble women." All that is meant by his name, and all that he has gained by practical culture and Christian consecration, has been ennobled, exalted, and divinized by the grace of God in his heart and life. We honor him to-day as a man redeemed by Christ, a brother beloved by men, and a worker honored by God. But I know that he and I and all of you go back past all our names as individuals and our names as religionists, whether Presbyterians, Baptists, Episcopalians or Roman Catholics. We go back, as I said a moment ago, back to the "name that is above every name"—Jesus Christ.

I was in India a little time ago, and I went to visit the Taj Mahal in the town of Agra. I tried to go, and did go, in the moonlight, so that I had my first view of that beautiful mausoleum in the moonlight. Shah Jehan was the greatest builder ever known, certainly the greatest builder in India, who built all the tombs and palaces of that place. He loved his wife as few women ever have been loved. She went down for the eighth time to the mysterious shrine of motherhood, and the babe came up alone.

Her body was brought to the beautiful garden, where in former days her husband had often walked with her and promised he would build her a palace; and now she is dead. Sitting beside her, he said, "Oh! my beautiful wife, you shall have your palace, though now it must be your tomb." The Taj was erected, and it is without doubt the most beautiful mausoleum in the world. I had read of the beautiful echo under its dome. I was anxious to test that echo. I knew the translation of the inscription on the dome—"To the memory of an undying love." And so, sitting under the dome in the soft light of the moon, I repeated softly those words, "To the memory of an undying love." That word "love" ran all around the walls of the dome, then went to heaven, and softer and sweeter came back to earth; then started a second time and ran around those walls, went to heaven, and then came back to earth softer and sweeter than ever before. My eyes were moist, and my heart was tender. I listened once more, and once more the word "love" ran around those walls, then went to heaven, and this time it was not a wave-sound, but like a shower. Oh! it was like the echo from some solemn choir.

My dear Brother O'Connor and dear friends gathered here, I am sure that we all trust that the next twenty-five years may be still fuller of blessing than the past twenty-five years, and that our brother may live to celebrate his Golden Jubilee as the leader of "Christ's Mission." When his earthly work is done, may he and we cast our crowns together at the Master's feet, saying: "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto Thy Name be the glory." Amen.

THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Specially designed for the enlightenment of Roman Catholics and their conversion to Evangelical Christianity.

JAMES A. O'CONNOR, PUBLISHER,
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Sunday Afternoon Services.

The Sunday afternoon meetings will be continued all through this season. The Rev. George F. Pentecost, D.D., will preach in the chapel of the Mission at 3.30 P. M., Sunday, January 22, 1905, and he will be followed by the Rev. John Bancroft Devins, D.D., editor of the New York *Observer*, and one of the trustees of the Mission, Rev. Joseph Sanderson, D.D., LL.D., the Rev. Samuel McBride, D.D., the Rev. S. W. Hadley, of the Water Street Mission, and other representative ministers of various denominations.

The work of the Mission in preaching the Gospel to the Roman Catholics and welcoming priests out of that Church continues without interruption.

It is a wonderful token of the blessing of God that this Magazine should come out regularly for twenty-one years without any financial backing except the subscriptions of its readers. The desirability of this Magazine continuing to fulfil its mission will doubtless be conceded by all its readers. This month about three-fourths of the subscriptions expire, and it is hoped that a sufficient number of these will be renewed within the next few weeks to do away with any uneasiness as to printers' bills for the rest of the year.

Christ's Mission Work.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to Christ's Mission, organized in the City of New York, the sum of \$..... to be applied to the uses and purposes of said Mission.

All communications can be addressed to James A. O'Connor, Secretary of the Board of Trustees, at the Mission House, 142 West Twenty-first St., New York.



Rev. James A. O'Connor.

The Founder and Director of Christ's Mission, a work of faith and labor of love that has helped more than one hundred Priests out of the Roman Catholic Church into the Evangelical faith.

While much good has been accomplished by personal conferences and by evangelistic services at Christ's Mission, the most powerful agency for the attainment of the objects for which it exists is undoubtedly THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC Magazine. Into every Roman Catholic country in the world, in nearly every European land, far into the interior of Asia and to many of the Isles of the Seven Seas the Magazine carries a plain statement of the pure Gospel of Jesus Christ, together with a trenchant, good-humored antidote to some false doctrine or corrupt practice, the fruit of spiritual wickedness in high places. And the Magazine exercises more influence in Rome itself than its Catholic readers think.

MRS. JAMES A. O'CONNOR

Has, during their twenty-seven years of married life, been a true helpmeet to her husband. The management of the household and the care of her children have formed but a small part of her God-given work. Her sound common sense and the tact and skill with which she has exercised an excellent influence over scores of priests have contributed very largely to the success of the work of Christ's Mission.

Pastor O'Connor has indeed found the Scriptural saying true, "A prudent wife is from the Lord; she stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy."

Mrs. O'Connor's personal influence over both Protestants and Roman Catholics has been an important factor in the conversion of hundreds of persons. In the chapel she often converses with the Catholics, many of whom have been converted through her faithful testimony. T. C. M.



Mrs. James A. O'Connor.

CHRIST'S MISSION WORKERS—THE FAMILY.

In 1891, fourteen years ago, Rev. James A. O'Connor with his devoted wife and four children moved into the building, No. 142 West Twenty-first street, New York, ever since known as Christ's Mission, there to live and labor for the salvation of souls and the rendering of aid to those in need.

The evangelistic work conducted

building, Mrs. Edward A. Newell called at the Mission and introduced herself as a "next door neighbor" who had lived at No. 140 West Twenty-first street for over twenty years, and said she wished to thank the new occupants of the house for bringing four such beautiful and well-behaved children into the street.



James, Jr.

Harriet Mabel ("Birdie").

here was begun by him in 1879, or twenty-five years ago. All his friends rejoiced that a special building had at length been secured and that the beautiful and appropriate name of Christ's Mission had been given to a new and permanent home for the continuation of the work so nobly and courageously carried on in the past.

A few days after entering this

This gracious "next door neighbor" called again last month to express her sorrow and sympathy when following the last of these four children out of the Mission chapel.

The youngest child, James, Jr., aged two years, was taken to his heavenly Home on May 27, 1891, and the only daughter, Harriet Mabel (also named "Birdie" for her

sweet voice, ever singing), followed him on June 5, of the same year. Both children were taken away by diphtheria.

Two boys, George Washington and Luther Barry, remained in the family and were ever a great consolation to their parents and a blessing and delight to all who knew them in and outside of the Mission. The work of Christ's Mission prospered and the family of four were very happy, when Luther Barry, the younger of the two surviving sons, on November 30, 1897, was called by the Lord to join his sister and brother in heaven. He passed away at the age of eleven

years and nine months, having been run over by a heavy truck and fatally injured while crossing the street in front of the Mission, his mother at the moment looking out of the window and witnessing the accident.

Luther had been the "door-keeper" of Christ's Mission, and was greatly beloved by the congregation and by all who met him. His sweet face was always smiling and he had a kind word for everybody, especially for the poor who called at the Mission for aid and for counsel. These he used to call "papa's friends." He took a deep interest in all the affairs of the Mission, like his brother George, who has now also gone away.



Luther Barry O'Connor.

George's Departure.

"The services in the chapel of Christ's Mission, No. 142 West Twenty-first street, last Sunday in celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the beginning of the work of the Rev. James A. O'Connor in this city, were interrupted by the funeral of George Washington O'Connor, the last surviving son of the Director of

of Dr. O'Connor to die in the last fourteen years. He began work in the Mission fourteen years ago, in its present location, and two months later two of the young children died. A few years ago, Luther, the second son, met with a fatal accident in front of his home, and on November 30 last the oldest son was brought home to die. Dr. O'Connor's work has been



George Washington O'Connor.

the Mission, who died from tuberculosis on December 15. He was twenty-five years old, and had been the organist of the Mission for several years. The Rev. David J. Burrell, D.D., of the Marble Collegiate Church, conducted the service. Dr. Wilbert W. White, of the Bible Teachers' Training School, and Dr. Alfred E. Myers also spoke.

Mr. O'Connor was the fourth child

chiefly devoted to the evangelizing of Roman Catholics. Even in the sadness of last Sunday, both the clergyman and his wife were comforting many of those who had come to share their sorrow."

The above, which appeared in the *New York Observer* of December 22, 1904, was taken from the *New York Tribune*, of December 19, and other papers.

This announcement caused pain and sorrow to many hearts, not only personal friends of the young man, who was greatly beloved, but to a wider circle who are interested in the work in which his father has been so long engaged.

The circumstances of the departure of this fine young man, George W. O'Connor, were all the more sorrowful because the closing Sundays of the year 1904 had been selected for a series of addresses by prominent pastors commemorating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the commencement of the work of Christ's Mission in New York city.

On the 30th of November, the seventh anniversary of the departure of his brother Luther, George Washington O'Connor, eldest son and last surviving child of Pastor O'Connor, returned to New York from New Lebanon, N. Y., where he had spent the summer months, making many friends by his manly, kindly and winning personality, and, until within a few weeks ago, deriving much benefit from his surroundings and the care taken of him by his friends.

In October, however, there were evidences that tuberculosis had obtained a stronger hold upon him than had been anticipated, but even then no one expected so speedy a termination.

While Mrs. O'Connor, being with him for many weeks, realized the seriousness of his condition, the Pastor, though made anxious by her reports, failed to grasp their full meaning, and the suddenness of his awakening to the actual facts when he saw his son, added greatly to the sorrow of the succeeding fortnight.

On December 15 the child of so

many prayers went to be with the Lord, "which is far better." His last "good" day was the preceding Monday, during which he had long talks with his parents, as also seasons of spiritual blessing with his pastors, Rev. Drs. Burrell and Myers, of the Marble Collegiate Church. His heart and soul were at perfect rest in Christ, and he looked forward with confidence to meeting his Saviour, together with Luther and his sister and infant brother who had preceded him into the City of God.

During that last season of precious earthly communion between father and son, the Holy Spirit inspired the mind of the former with a thought that gave what was to him a new meaning to the last thirteen words of I John iii, 2. Pastor O'Connor said to his dying son: "George, you will see Jesus; and I believe He will bring Luther and Birdie and James with Him to meet you. And you will know Him, for the moment you see Him you shall be like Him!"

That evening he sank into unconsciousness, from which he passed through the veil to be changed, in the twinkling of an eye, into the image of the King in His beauty, when he met Him face to face.

The service on Sunday afternoon, conducted by Dr. David J. Burrell, formed a fine tribute to the value of the Gospel of Christ in the hour of sorrow. While many tears were shed by the congregation that crowded the chapel to overflowing, yet there was a note of hope—yea, almost of joy—in the assurance not only that it was well with the young man, but that a glorious future awaits all who should follow him, as he had followed Christ.

T. C. M.

FUNERAL SERVICE IN THE CHAPEL OF CHRIST'S MISSION.

The service for the beloved son was conducted on December 18 by the Rev. David James Burrell, D.D., of the Marble Collegiate Church, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Alfred E. Myers, of the same Church, and Rev. Dr. Wilbert W. White, of the Bible Teachers' Training College.

After the singing of the hymn "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me," by the congregation, and the reading of the Scriptures (Psalm xxiii, John xiv, and other passages) Dr. Burrell led in the following prayer:

O God, we are lost in bewilderment when we try to recount the things for which we ought to be thankful; but we come at once to Thine unspeakable gift. Great are Thy providences and great are the manifestations of Thy grace; but now, with the dead face of thy young servant here in our very midst, the face of Jesus Christ, marred, yet divinely beautiful, eclipses all; there is none but Christ—first, last, midst and all in all. We thank Thee that in the fulness of time He came on His far missionary journey to this world smitten with sin, and, knowing all that awaited Him, died for us, by death overcame death, opened up to us the endless life and made it possible for us to go down through the valley of the shadow without any fear, knowing that there is nothing but a dark shadow there and that death has no terror for us, since we are risen again with Christ. If we die with Him, we shall also rise with Him. We expect one of these days to go through the little door which leads to Thy Kingdom, but, blessed be Thy Name! our Lord does not ask us to go through any place where

He has not been. He Himself has been through the "little door;" and, when death beckons, we shall not be afraid, we shall be ready to go, following in His footsteps down through the valley, up past the land of Beulah to our eternal rest.

We thank Thee for the memory of Thy young servant. It is known to Thee why he was taken in the prime of his manhood. We believe that all the schooling of these earthly days is for training in the service of the Heavenly King. There is nothing lost in preparation for that endless life.

O Lord, Thou knowest the grief of the parting and separation, and we pray Thee that the two hearts that are most rent and torn may rejoice in Thee. We believe they do, O God! Comfort them, we beseech Thee, and God grant that they may rest themselves on Thee and on all Thine exceeding great and precious promises. It is a great thing, Lord, for them to have four children in Thy Kingdom, and not one left here; four children to give them welcome when they reach home; none is left behind for pain and sorrow; all have been promoted. O, what a home hast Thou there for these parents—a home prepared when Thou hast fully prepared them for it. Do Thou help them to comfort one another with these things.

Bless us who are here and teach us the lesson to-day; and, if there is anyone in this company who is not a Christian, not yet reconciled to God in Jesus Christ by His Spirit, do Thou, we pray Thee, let the dumb cold lips of Thy young servant preach the sermon of life. Give to all such the hope that maketh not ashamed.

Give comfort to the sorrowing, new hearts to the weary, and Thy saving grace to all.

Hear us, O Lord, prepare us for death, and then we shall be prepared for endless life. Through Jesus Christ. Amen.

The hymn, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," having been sung, Dr. Burrell introduced Dr. W. W. White, who spoke as follows:

Address of Dr. W. W. White.

It was not my privilege to know intimately the young man who has gone, but I have known, very pleasantly and profitably, my friend, the father, for many years.

I can merely bring the best that has come to me in a time of great sorrow. There is a verse in the 73d Psalm, the 26th, which was a marvelous help to me in my time of deepest darkness—"My flesh and my heart faileth: but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever."

I wonder how many of us here this afternoon have come to the place in life where nothing has been left us but God. You remember that away back in the book of Genesis we read that Jacob, with his children about him, said, "I die: but God shall be with you:" and then afterwards, Joseph, when he called his brethren, said, "I die: but God will surely visit you." On that ocean voyage, when for seven days I did not know whether a dear one had gone or was remaining, those words rang in my heart, "but God." It is a great thing to have God and to be able to fall back upon Him. It has been a great blessing to some of us that everything has been taken, in order that we might know how good He can be.

Then in that time of sorrow there came a new glimpse of 1 Thessalonians iv, 18—"Wherefore comfort one another with these words." You know we read portions of Scripture and hear them read hundreds and hundreds of times, and then, at a time when one is on the alert for help, there comes a meaning which one had never seen before.

You remember that Paul says, "The dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord."

The point that came to me with new power, as I walked around that house after the one who was so precious to me had gone away, and felt the awful loneliness, was the force of that word "so." Our presence with the Lord is not going to take the place of fellowship with the loved ones. We "shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air, and so (in their company) shall we ever be with the Lord."

I look back to that time of deep sorrow as the time out of which I came triumphant over the grave. On an occasion of this kind I used to have doubts concerning the future, and the question came up to me, "Does not death end all?" Those doubts have been put away, and I am glad that in Him I am able to say that I rejoice over the grave.

I wish to commend to our dear friends the words "while we look" in that passage in Corinthians, "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory;

while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are unseen and eternal."

Let me mention those other words of Paul, with which he closes the great resurrection chapter, "My beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, for as much as ye know that your labor is not vain in the Lord."

Address by Rev. Dr. Alfred E. Myers.

The Christian faith is ours, not only for ourselves but for our children. Away back in the ancient time God gave his blessing and made His covenant with Abraham, repeating over and over again this promise—I will "be a God unto thee, and to thy seed after thee," "and in thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed." In the beginning of the New Testament Church, we have the same thing again; for Peter on the day of Pentecost proclaims, "The promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call." The old covenant and the new are alike in this particular, that the children are received into covenant, on the faith of their parents; and, as a rule, faithful and godly Christian parentage and training bear manifest fruit even here and through the growth and maturity of the children. There is no time when that thought comes with more consolation than when a father and mother resign a beloved child into the hands of the Almighty Redeemer.

This dear young man grew up in the nurture and the admonition of the Lord, constantly under the training

and under the preaching of that modern Luther who preaches from this desk. He could not but know that salvation is of God's free grace, to be apprehended by faith in the redemption that is in Jesus Christ. Very precious testimony was borne by him in one of the last days of his consciousness, when he testified that he had always believed in the truth of the Gospel that was given to him from the lips of his father. There were other testimonies that this lad bore, showing that in all simplicity he had accepted Christ. About nine years ago, he came, of his own accord, and confessed Christ, becoming a communicant in the Marble Collegiate Church. And in these last days, when he was asked, "George, do you feel the Lord is with you in your sickness?" "Yes." "Are you not afraid to trust Him and go forward?" "No, it is all right." In varying forms he gave this testimony again and again. He seemed to revert to the very simplicity of early childhood, and he went forth on his journey with his hand in the hand of his Saviour. He had expected until a short time ago that he would be restored to health, that he would have the full strength of manhood again, but, when he knew that that was not to be, there was no rebellion, no murmuring. There was a little perplexity in his mind at one time, but he seemed to give it all up and just left it with the Lord, and passed on in perfect peace, at peace with God through faith in Christ, and at peace with all the world.

My friends, there is just one way of salvation, through Christ, "who loved us and gave Himself for us;" and there is just one way of taking

hold of Christ, and that is with such a simple and childlike—almost infantile—grasp, and this remains for us.

As my own children grow up around me and begin to scatter and go out into the world in the pursuit of their callings, I find that the very happiest time in all the year, when joy and happiness that seem like Heaven come into my heart, is when my children gather home. But what is that compared with the reunion which will be up yonder, beyond all sin and sorrow and temptation, with no more of separation, with no more of the physical and moral risks that attend this present life—a reunion under the smile of Christ. I heard of a dying father who said, "It is getting dark, are all the children home?" Beloved friends, as in this Christian home, so you like myself and Dr. Burrell (I dare say the majority of parents here), know what it is to have given up a child. We look forward in faith to that blissful, unending and unclouded reunion, where they need no candle, neither light of the sun to give them light, for in that city the Lord God giveth them light, and the Lamb is the light thereof.

My relations with this dear boy have been particularly close. He was under my pastoral care in a Bible class for several years, and in other ways I came close to him, and I loved him; and my whole heart goes out to-day in sympathy, as your hearts do, with this father and mother. "Yet a little while!" "What is this that He saith, 'a little while?'" "I go away," and "I will come again and receive you unto myself," says Christ.

Address by Rev. Dr. Burrell.

No philosopher can explain the mystery which is veiled behind the closed eyes of this young man. "Behold, I show you a mystery." The two great mysteries are life and death. If you will explain life to me, I will explain death to you. If you will tell me how I lift my hand, I will explain to you the profoundest problems of eternity. We are all the while looking into the dull eyes of the Sphinx, but the greatest mystery is death. O! why must this be? It is said of Jesus that He came to bring "life and immortality to light," to bring this problem out of the realm of shadows, and to throw it upon a brighter background, so that we might, in some measure, understand it. We know some things about life and death, particularly since Jesus passed through the little door into the night and rose again triumphant over all in the morning. Of course, we know that death is certain. As the Moslems say, "the black camel kneels at every tent." George did not die by chance—no more will you or I. We never die till our hour has come, till God's clock strikes, till we are called on. We know, moreover, that death is not a calamitous thing. You know why the leaves fall in the autumn. They fall, not because they have been smitten with death; not at all. The leaf that flutters down is not dead; it is only ripe. It is not the frost that has nipped it. It will fall, though the frost never touches it. In other words, death is an episode in its life. So is death to you and me one of the episodes, and I say it is not calamitous. When old Dr. Goodwin was dying—who for years and years had been in mortal

terror of the hour of dissolution—he suddenly looked up—the end was very near—and he cried, seeming to see somewhat afar off, “Come death, come smiling friend. Oh! they have maligned thee! They told me thou wast the king of terrors. Come, come, smiling friend.” That is the way our good Lord would have us meet death, I think.

The only thing in the world that gives us reason to worry about this that we call death, is that it ends preparation, it crystallizes character, it draws the line which separates our schooling from eternity. As death leaves us, eternity finds us. So it is written, “He that is unjust, let him be unjust still: and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still: and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still: and he that is holy, let him be holy still.” We are in the world learning our lessons, building character and fitting ourselves for life that lies further on. In point of fact, this is not life, this is only getting ready to live. I live forever. Think what lies beyond; that is life.

All this life on earth is serving our apprenticeship, and the height of folly is to live as if this life were all. You and I will go one of these days with feeble steps, and very tired, up the great stairway, growing fainter at every step, our hands very tremulous and our eyes more dim, until we reach the great door that men fear so, and an angel—the fairest angel that God ever sent to us—will open the door and say to us, “Come in and begin to live. This is life.”

Are we to be ready? That is the question that meets us. We have no time to lose, years, days or minutes, for every one is loaded with its re-

sponsibility of preparation. The way to die well is to live well. That is what Bryant meant when he said:

“So live that when thy summons come to join

The innumerable caravan which moves

To that mysterious realm where each shall seek

His chamber in the silent halls of death,

Thou go not like the quarry slave at night

Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave

Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch

About him and lies down to pleasant dreams.”

That is what Mrs. Barbauld meant in the little poem, of which President Lincoln was so fond, and which he always carried in his pocket:

“Life, we have been long together
Through pleasant and through
cloudy weather,

’Tis hard to part when friends are dear;

Perhaps ’twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,

Choose thine own time;
Say not ‘Good night;’ but in some

brighter clime,
Bid me ‘Good morning.’”

That is the way to think of death and the life that follows it. George has just gone on into life; and to his dear father and mother I say, in the fellowship of sorrow, it is well with their son. He has gone on to live. Not an hour that was spent in preparation has been lost, all his energies of body and of mind have been in fitting for better service. God wanted this young man. That is all. Every word that has been said about the reunion is true. The Lord was thinking of that when He said, “Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father’s house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you.”

That goes further than if He said, "Verily, Verily," a hundred times, "I am an honest teacher, I would have told you." You can look forward through your tears and expect the reunion with your friends; they are not lost; we shall safely in the harbor meet. O, what a day that will be; when they come back!—the "home-bringing," the hand-clasping. Dear old mother, little children, what a day that will be! "If it were not so," Jesus said, "I would have told you." So part we sadly in the wilderness to meet again in sweet Jerusalem. So that, when we say farewell, it is only *au revoir*, it is only *auf wiedersehen*—to-morrow and the day after. "Yet a little while;" till then, till then, farewell!

Dr. Burrell concluded the service with the following prayer:

O God, is there any Gospel like this? Can anyone, Lord, but Thyself give a Gospel so full of joy, so full of strength for life, comfort for sorrow and hope for eternity? We thank Thee for this blessed Gospel of Christ.

Now, we need not pray for Thy young servant who has gone, but we do pray that this father and mother by this new sorrow may be strengthened and that the father may preach the Gospel of love and truth with a devotion and a spirit of consecration that he has never felt before. Let the zeal of the Gospel triumph over pain, sorrow and death, and be set upon his preaching from this day on. Let him preach so that men shall cry, "What shall we do?" Let him preach the Gospel so that men shall see what to do and rejoice in newness of life. Bless this place where souls have been saved. Let them go forth blessing the work in this room.

O God, as this young man passes out of it into the Heavenly Home, grant that he may leave his memory like a benediction on his father's work. We pray Thee that the bereaved may be bound closer together.

Hear us, Lord, help us, as we have been recalling our own past, to take

to ourselves the hope of the Gospel. May we live better lives, nearer to Christ. Bring His Gospel closer to us. For His name's sake, Amen.

The burial was in Woodlawn Cemetery, December 19, the Rev. Dr. Myers and a company of loving friends of the parents and of dear, gentle, sweet-voiced George accompanying the remains to their earthly resting place, where repose the bodies of the other three children until the Resurrection.

The Guests of God.

Among the many letters of sympathy received, the following came from a gentleman of this city on the day of the funeral:

Dear Brother in Christ: In the *New York Times* I see a notice of the death of your son. I have never had the honor of meeting you, but I have heard of your labors for our Saviour Jesus Christ.

I have lost five sons, and while the wrench to my flesh was intense, I have the positive assurance that when He doth appear I shall meet the loved ones gone before to be the guests of God.

From the dust of weary highways,
From the smart of sorrow's rod
Into His royal presence,

They are bidden as guests of God.
The veil from the eyes is taken,
Secret mysteries they are shown;
Their doubts and fears are over,

For they know as they are known.
For them there should be rejoicing
And festival array,

As for the bride in her beauty
Whom love has snatched away.
Sweet hours and peaceful waiting,
'Til the path that we have trod
Shall end at the Father's gateway,
And we are the guests of God.

May the Comforter who has come
into my heart comfort you, and may
you enjoy to the full the elixir of life
at the hand of Christ who dwelleth
in you.

Yours sincerely, E. D. S.

THOUGHTS FOR CHRISTMAS AND THE NEW YEAR.

BY MRS. MARY GRANT CRAMER.

This article was written toward the end of last month by Mrs. Mary Grant Cramer while she was visiting her childhood's home in Georgetown, Ohio, where her brother, General Ulysses S. Grant, the great President of the United States from 1868 to 1876, had resided for many years.

Mrs. Cramer had not visited Georgetown in twenty-three years, and by request this article appeared in the local paper, the *Georgetown Gazette*, December 21, 1904.

DURING these holidays extremes meet. At this dreary season of the year, nature is shorn of her charms, save the snowy winding sheet that covers the cold earth; the leafless trees, with their gray branches tossing in the wind and the streams locked in icy slumber are in striking contrast to the season of sunshine and flowers when beauty and variety make outdoor life so attractive.

The evolution of the year is a picture of our lives, with their joy and sorrow, their hopes and disappointments; our lives near the beginning, have a joyous springtime, buoyant with hope and promise; then they blossom into a beautiful summer, if the good seed planted in our hearts has germinated preparatory to a fruitful harvest; in the mature autumn, when much is expected of us, we find life divested of much of its romance; having long been in contact with the hard, stern actual, the rosy tinted future, in many cases, has vanished and the grave reality of human experience makes life an existence rather than a dream. Fact is imperious and must be accepted, distasteful though it may be. As the winter of our lives approaches, we find the elasticity of our early years gone. Though age puts in an alarming appearance, the heart need never grow old; though the outer man perish, the inward man can be renewed day by day, the good Book assures us; so let us keep the furrows on the outside. Since we

must go down the hill of life, let us do it gracefully and our sun will set in splendor. Ah! that is worth thinking about long in advance. Preparation for a glorious transition must be made in time; it is the height of folly to defer it till the end.

The sands of our lives, like those in the hour glass, are running low and so fast that they will soon be gone: then where will we be? Speaking from a human standpoint, we will "have joined the great majority," in the city of the dead; only the mortal part of us can be placed beneath the sod; the immortal soul seeks a higher destiny. It is an emanation of Deity and will return to its Maker. How we should rejoice and praise Him in anticipation of this great honor! He covets our souls pure and unstained by contact with their earthly environment. If we oppose the Divine purpose in our creation, great will be the sin and the punishment. If God's chosen people were severely punished for disobedience, in an age when they had much less light than we have, how can we hope to escape, if we wilfully incur the risk? . . .

Prominent in our thoughts at this time should be the glorious fact that Christmas is a milestone on the track of Time, that bids us halt and remember with gratitude the greatest event in the history of the world. The birth of our Saviour was the crowning act of God's love and mercy to a sinful, perishing world, that knew not how

to find its way back to God, if He had not sent His Son to show that "He is the Way, the Truth and the Life." Oh, it was a wondrous act of Divine love and condescension to rob heaven for a time of its choicest Treasure, that this world might be enriched for all times! If the three wise men of the East journeyed far, guided only by a star and the inner light reflected from the throne of God, to find the new born Saviour; if the angels in heaven rejoiced at His advent and shepherds in the plains were overwhelmed with the angelic tidings relating to it, what should be our joy and gratitude, that we have a risen and ascended Saviour, who after accomplishing His marvelous mission on earth, has been exalted to the right hand of God, to make intercession of Him with the Spirit in our behalf.

The loosening of the silver cord, the breaking of the golden bowl does not mean that life's fitful dream is over and that there will be no awakening. The dream will end to give place to reality as we sweep through the golden gateway into the New Jerusalem, to go no more out forever. St. Paul had a glimpse of it, when, as he journeyed to Damascus, he suddenly saw a light shining from heaven, that struck him blind; that glimpse of the heavenly city and the mighty change wrought in the heart of the bitter persecutor, made Paul feel in later life that his more than twenty years of toil and trials, such as no other disciple was called to endure, were only "light afflictions but for a moment," that would "work out a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." How strong the language! Yet the few persons who have had dreams of heaven felt that human language was wholly inade-

quate to describe the ravishing visions they were permitted to have of the celestial world. This was the case with a lady who once told me as best she could her dream of heaven. It reminded me of St. John's vision on the Island of Patmos, of "the Holy City." She saw in her dream "a pure river of water of life clear as crystal," so clear that there was not the slightest blemish to mar its purity; "the tree of life, which bore twelve manner of fruits," was another wonderful attraction in the celestial city; there was something entrancing about the light of the place that was different from any she had ever before beheld, and the heavenly atmosphere and her glorious surroundings—for she was in the presence of Jesus. His angels and redeemed ones—all combined to form a scene of such marvelous beauty that her enraptured soul longed to enjoy it forever, and it was with a shock and deep regret that her eyes again opened upon earthly scenes.

Meanwhile, the cold December days are rapidly passing and we are reminded that the old year that has made such an exciting record is fast dying. We soon hear its death knell. The burden of the twelve months, gathered from all parts of the globe, grows heavier and the old year sinks under it into the tomb of the Past, where centuries lie buried. When the new year kisses the old, it is the signal for merry bells to peal out.

In the language of Tennyson in his poem, "Ring Out, Wild Bells," we can then say:

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.
Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

FATHER O'CONNOR'S LETTERS TO CARDINAL GIBBONS.

SIXTH SERIES.

XXV.

NEW YORK, January, 1905.

Sir: At the opening of a New Year I send you all good wishes. I can do this with propriety, on my part and on yours. I desire to be fair and courteous in these letters, both from a sense of self-respect and in appreciation of the confidence placed in me by my readers, the best people in America, in discussing public affairs relating to your Church. And in addressing you personally I can wish you well, for as men go in our country you are a respectable citizen, occupying a prominent position and having the ear of the public. But in saying this I must not be understood as wishing well to the work in which you are engaged, for it is not conducive to the welfare of humanity, and it detracts from the honor and glory that men should render to Almighty God.

I pray, therefore, for your personal welfare at the opening of a New Year, while at the same time I shall do all I can to make you see the error of your ways in deluding the people. You are the foremost representative of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States, and though there are abler men in the hierarchy on this continent, you are the only American Cardinal. This is a unique distinction, for our continent of America has fulfilled the prediction that "Westward the star of empire takes its way," and the United States, as the greater part of America, in the providence of God has come to be the greatest nation in the world. An American Cardinal, therefore, ought to be a person of distinction; and it must be admitted that you so account yourself, though when you were last in Rome at the election of Pius X you were not esteemed such a personage by the clique of Italian Cardinals who constitute the governing body in the Church of Rome. There was something lacking in your personality that detracted from the prestige that a representative of the American continent should wield. What this was is well known to your brother bishops and to well-informed Catholics in the United States who have been striving for years to have more Cardinals in this country. It is monstrous, they say, that there should be only one Cardinal in America when the United States is the admiration and wonder of the world, and there are more genuine Catholics here than in any other country. But you will not give your consent. You will not have a rival near the throne, though that throne is not in Washington, where the influence of Archbishop Ireland is far greater than yours. For years past the sentiment of the American people has been in his favor for any honors that the Church of Rome could bestow. But you have blocked his way, as you did last year in the case of Archbishop Farley, of this city, when he went to Rome backed by the influence and wealth of the Catholics of New York, expecting to be made a Cardinal. He came back disappointed, and he and his friends did not hesitate to say that your objections to the appointment of any American prelate to the "sacred college" stood in the way.

Some time after Archbishop Farley's return I attended service one Sunday morning in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church to hear the great preacher, Dr. G. Campbell Morgan, and as I walked down the avenue I turned in to see the Cathedral at Fiftieth street, as is my wont when I pass by that way. It is to me the great temple of idols, but I drop in there to chat with any of the officials who may be around when I am in the vicinity. On this occasion I was accompanied by two young men, both converted Catholics, natives of Venezuela, who had been students at Mount Hermon School, Mass., which Mr. Moody had established for the training and education of young men in the evangelical faith as well as in secular studies, and where I have sent many priests and converted Catholics to learn the better way of life and prepare for missionary work among their former brethren.

In the sacristy we were met by a courteous official of the Cathedral, and after we had looked at various objects of interest and inquired about the nationality of St. Patrick, after whom the Cathedral is named, I pointed to a large painting and asked whom it represented.

"That," said our guide, "is a picture of Cardinal McCloskey."

"Oh, indeed," said I, "and that is his red hat suspended from the ceiling over the sanctuary?"

Receiving an affirmative answer, the conversation proceeded to a recital of his many admirable qualities.

"It is strange," said I, "that New York cannot have another Cardinal like him. This great city should be recognized by the officials at Rome, and it was generally expected that Archbishop Farley would receive the red hat when he was in Rome recently."

"It was a disappointment to all of us that he was not nominated," said the attendant, "but they don't do things in Rome as Americans wish."

"Well," said I, "that state of things cannot continue. This country is too big now to be slighted at Rome, and its greatness is recognized by the whole world, and if the Roman authorities do not make more of the bishops here Cardinals, something must be done."

"It is jealousy," said our guide, "and Cardinal Gibbons is to blame for our not having more Cardinals."

"That's so," said I. "There is the case of Archbishop Ireland. It was expected that he would be made a Cardinal long ago, but something seemed to interfere."

"It was Cardinal Gibbons," continued this outspoken official. "He does not want any other man made a Cardinal while he lives. But for him Archbishop Farley would be made one."

"What do you think will be done about it?" I inquired suavely. "Don't you think the American prelates will become disgusted at the way they are treated by those Italians in Rome, and endeavor to get along with a Catholic Church in this country, without the dictation of those Romans, who know nothing of this country?"

"I believe that will be the end of it," said our guide earnestly. We had become quite friendly by this time, and the young men with me were amazed

at the hearty manner in which the conversation proceeded. I shall not give the name or the official standing of our attendant, for the consequences would be serious for such an outspoken person. But the information supplied to us was such as is derived from the expressions of the bishops and priests who frequent the Cathedral. Cardinal Satolli had returned to Rome a few days previously, bearing with him \$400,000, extorted from the bishops, priests, politicians and saloonkeepers. But the decent Catholics of this city were indignant at the way they were treated by this foe of Americanism.

When Satolli was here last summer he made no concealment of his purpose to get money for the "holy see" by fair means or foul. He cajoled and threatened bishops, and they had to yield up their treasures. Instead of fulfilling the promises he made or granting any favors in return for what he had received, it would seem that he told Pope Pius they did not give one-half or a quarter of what was expected of them. You were silent, Cardinal, while Satolli was in this country; and you are silent now when a more outrageous demand for money is made by the Pope. You wish to continue as the only American Cardinal, and you assent to anything that Rome may order. But the intelligent Catholic people in the United States will not follow you in this slavish submission to these rapacious Italians who claim to be the dictators of the consciences of men and the only representatives of God on earth.

Listen, Cardinal, to the latest demand of the clique who govern the Roman Catholic Church. The following item of news is taken from the editorial page of the *New York Sun*, January 7, 1905. I give it, heading and all, as it appeared in that paper, which is invariably friendly to the Roman Catholic Church.

POPE APPEALS TO AMERICA—ASKS FINANCIAL AID TO TAKE THE PLACE OF MISSING EUROPEAN REVENUES.

Mgr. Falconio, in an appeal to the hierarchy of the United States, dated Washington, Jan. 2, tells them that the Pope now relies on the Catholics of America for financial aid. This is the first time in the history of the Church that such an appeal has been made.

"I regret to state," says Mgr. Falconio in his appeal, "that notwithstanding the generous response of the American people the financial condition of the Holy See is far from being prosperous or satisfactory. The present sad state of some of the most prosperous nations of Europe and the increased demands on the funds of the Church are the principal causes of the actual financial situation of the Holy See, a situation upon which our Holy Father looks with alarm, because, unless his children come forward more liberally to his assistance, notwithstanding the utmost economy practised in every direction, he can hardly meet the exigencies of the vast administration of the Church, which extends throughout the whole world.

"Consequently, His Eminence, the Cardinal Secretary of State requests me to make known to all the ordinaries [bishops] of the United States the said financial difficulties, in the hope that by their zeal those sources of revenue which have heretofore been forthcoming from France and Italy, and of which at present in a very large measure the Holy See is deprived, may be adequately compensated.

"Hence, besides the general yearly collection, which is to remain as heretofore and to be more earnestly encouraged, other means are suggested which may prove here in America as productive as they have been in some countries of Europe."

These means, Mgr. Falconio suggests, are the formation of "Peter's Pence Societies," the keeping of "Peter's Pence Boxes" in churches and institutions, "and other pious devices which the piety of the faithful may suggest." [Doubtless, he means euchre parties, fairs and other gambling devices.]

Falconio is the present papal delegate, and he is despised by every bishop and priest in the United States. But they must tolerate him and yield obedience to him as the representative of the Pope, or lose their positions. Will the people, however, render the same compliance as the priests and bishops? The people of France and Italy are separating themselves from the Church of the Pope, and no longer contribute money to the support of the papal machine. Will American Catholics take their place in maintaining a worn-out institution that has been a curse instead of a blessing to every country where its influence has been felt? I do not think so. But, as Falconio suggests, various devices—what an appropriate word—may be adopted by Catholics of the Tammany Hall stamp for raising money for the "poor old Pope" whom the French and Italian Catholics are anathematizing as the foe of liberty and progress. For all they care he and his Cardinals may starve, as Falconio hints will be their fate, if the politicians, Knights of Columbus and dive-keepers do not get up euchre parties and place "Peter's Pence Boxes" in their establishments.

Again, I ask, will the decent intelligent Catholics of this country comply with this impudent demand for money to support an institution which the liberty-loving nations have rejected and condemned? No, they will not. But I am sorry to say some so-called Protestants will be found in our country, large employers of ignorant Catholics in mills and factories and in domestic service, who will contribute to this fund. If such Protestants would leave the Roman Church alone and not favor or support it, the intelligent, progressive Catholics would quickly let it die.

That is what the Catholics of France propose to do in abolishing the Concordat. A bill to that effect is now before the Chamber of Deputies, introduced by the Premier, Dr. Emile Combes, a former Catholic who had been a professor in one of the large institutions of the religious orders which have been suppressed. By this act abolishing the Concordat and forever separating Church and State, the Roman Catholic Church in France will be deprived of a revenue of forty million francs (\$8,000,000). This vast yearly income was divided among the bishops and priests, in salaries ranging from five thousand for the lordly prelate to a couple of hundred for the poor parish priest. Now the French people, having derived no benefit, spiritual or temporal, from the ministrations of those ecclesiastics, by their representatives in Parliament refuse to maintain them any longer. Hence the Pope calls upon his "faithful children" in America for money to support those men and their institutions who have been tried for centuries and found wanting by the French people.

As I have filled the space usually allotted to these letters, Cardinal, I must close here. There are other subjects which we will discuss in future letters, such as the conversion of Miss Caldwell. For the present, farewell

Yours truly,

JAMES A. O'CONNOR.

